


Under the Southern Cross

**A TALE OF LOVE
AND MISSIONS**

.... By

THE LATE REV. J. D. McKAY, B.D.,

**Sometime Missionary
to British Guiana.**



**Published by the W. F. and H. M. S.
(Eastern Division)**

1914.

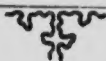


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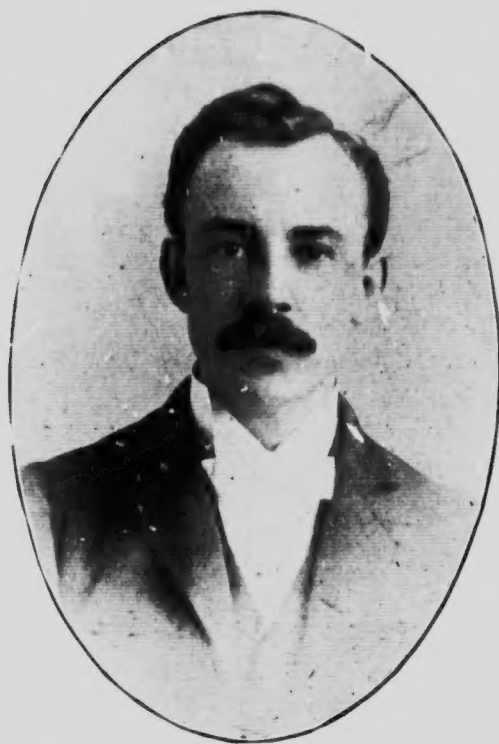
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The Late Rev. J. D. McKay, B. D.



Reverend J. D. MacKay, B. D.,
Accomplished a Life's Work
In a Few Years. ❦ ❦ ❦

THE Rev. J. D. MacKay was born, forty-six years ago, in the highlands of Nova Scotia—Earlton, a community rich in the product of worthy men. The beautiful hills around his native village and the sacred influence of his home were ever reflected in a character that always dwelt in the high places of life. His boyhood and younger manhood were passed in the peace of a godly home, among the hills and vales of one of nature's beautiful spots, in a beautiful social environment and in the ordinary routine of the village school, where, for scholarship and comradeship, he was among the first.

In due time he passed through Dalhousie University with B. A. and M. A. degrees. This was followed by a distinguished course in Pine Hill Theological College, Halifax, where he graduated in 1896 with the degree of B. D. In August of that year he was ordained to the Gospel Ministry and laboured for one and a half years, with marked success, in the congregation of Sackville and Dorchester, N. B. In February, 1898, he was called to Cobourg Road (now Chalmers) Church, Halifax. Here he gave five years of zealous and devoted service, in strengthening the foundations of this comparatively new work. The congregation was greatly encouraged in his ministry and he was much beloved by all his people. In February, 1903 Mr. MacKay was called by the F. M. Board, E. D., to our East Indian Missions in British Guiana—one of the high places of the field. He recognized in this a Divine Call, and his response was prompt and decisive. His devoted wife, who had stood faithfully by his side in his good work in Cobourg Road Church, had, ere this, been called Home; and Mr. MacKay went forth alone; and yet he was not alone. If any man ever entered the foreign field in reliance upon Divine aid and Divine companionship J. D. MacKay did.

After spending four months in preliminary work and in surveying the field, he undertook, by appointment of the Mission Council, the inauguration of the work in the great western county of Essequibo—a field of magnificent opportunity for East Indian evangelization.

Along the western shore of the lower course of this mighty South American River, which is fifteen miles wide at its mouth, dwell thousands of indentured East Indians on the large sugar plantations. Thousands more, free from indenture, have independent homes on or near their little rice and cocoa farms. In the bosom of the river lie several large islands, as Wakenam, Leguan, Tiger and Troolie; and here also live thousands more; and among all these no messenger of the Cross had yet come to tell the Saviour's love.

With Suddie, the county capital, as his headquarters, and while still separated from all this host by the barrier of a foreign tongue, Mr. MacKay gave himself enthusiastically to the work. He soon made his presence felt in a strong organization of catechists, week-day and Sabbath schools, night classes and preaching services, through all of which the Divine presence and power touched the whole great field.

In Wakenam Island, he found a sympathetic helper in Rev. J. D. Cruickshanks, Scotch Parish Minister, afterwards his companion in death. Very fittingly may David's words be applied to these two servants of God. They "were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in death they were not divided." On the mainland he found an equally devoted friend and helper in the English Wesleyan Minister, Rev. R. G. Fisher, who has since become his worthy and efficient successor in the mission.

The writer spent a few days with Mr. MacKay, in his field on two occasions. This was before he began to preach in Hindu. But it was evident on all sides, even then, that he had won the esteem of all classes in the community, the confidence, in a large measure, of the heathen, and the love of the children who on every hand greeted him with their dark sparkling eyes, and their joyous "Salaam Sahib, Salaam ! Salaam !"

In December 1905, Mr. Cruickshanks was preparing to go home to Scotland on furlough, whither his wife and family had already gone. Mr. MacKay had agreed to superintend in some measure his parish work in addition to his own. On the 13th day of that month they went to Troolie Island, a portion of the parish, at which Mr. MacKay assisted in an evening service. After the meeting, they were returning by boat to Wakenam. It was a quiet night. The gentle trade wind rippled the turbid Essequibo. Suddenly a treacherous squall, accompanied by a heavy tropical rain, capsized their boat. Our heroic missionary and his companion soon sank. The native boatman—expert watermen—were rescued and told the awful tale of that fatal night. The bodies were soon recovered and all that is mortal of the devoted founder of the Essequibo Mission now rests under the rustling palms and cocoa trees in Huis 't Dieren cemetery in the very midst of his much loved field.

His was one of those lives, which, by the intensity of their devotions to God and duty, ripens early, and seem to accomplish a life's work in a few years. We would feign have them remain longer, where they seem to be so much needed, and wonder why a wise and loving Providence should call them away in the very prime of manhood and usefulness. But this much we can now see. The tragic death of one whose life was beautiful and whose work was strong and fruitful, has given Essequibo an undying place in the heart of the church, and an impetus has been given to that work which will be felt in all its future history.

The writer recalls one of his sayings as he bade him farewell on Suddie wharf: "This is a great work and it gives me joy ; but, oh, the loneliness of it." He had felt the loneliness that creeps over the heart of every true missionary who in wondrous sacrifice dies to self as he plants his life's service in the very heart of heathenism. But he tasted the joy of it too. His were but a reflection of the Master's feelings when he said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." Little did he think that within a few months his beloved church at home, and the mission so dear to his heart, would enter into some realization of the accompanying truth,—“but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.”

Tatamagouche, N., S., May 14th, 1914.

WM. FORBES.

The Name above every Name:—JESUS.

“His name shall endure for ever;

His name shall be continued as long
as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in Him;

All nations shall call Him blessed.

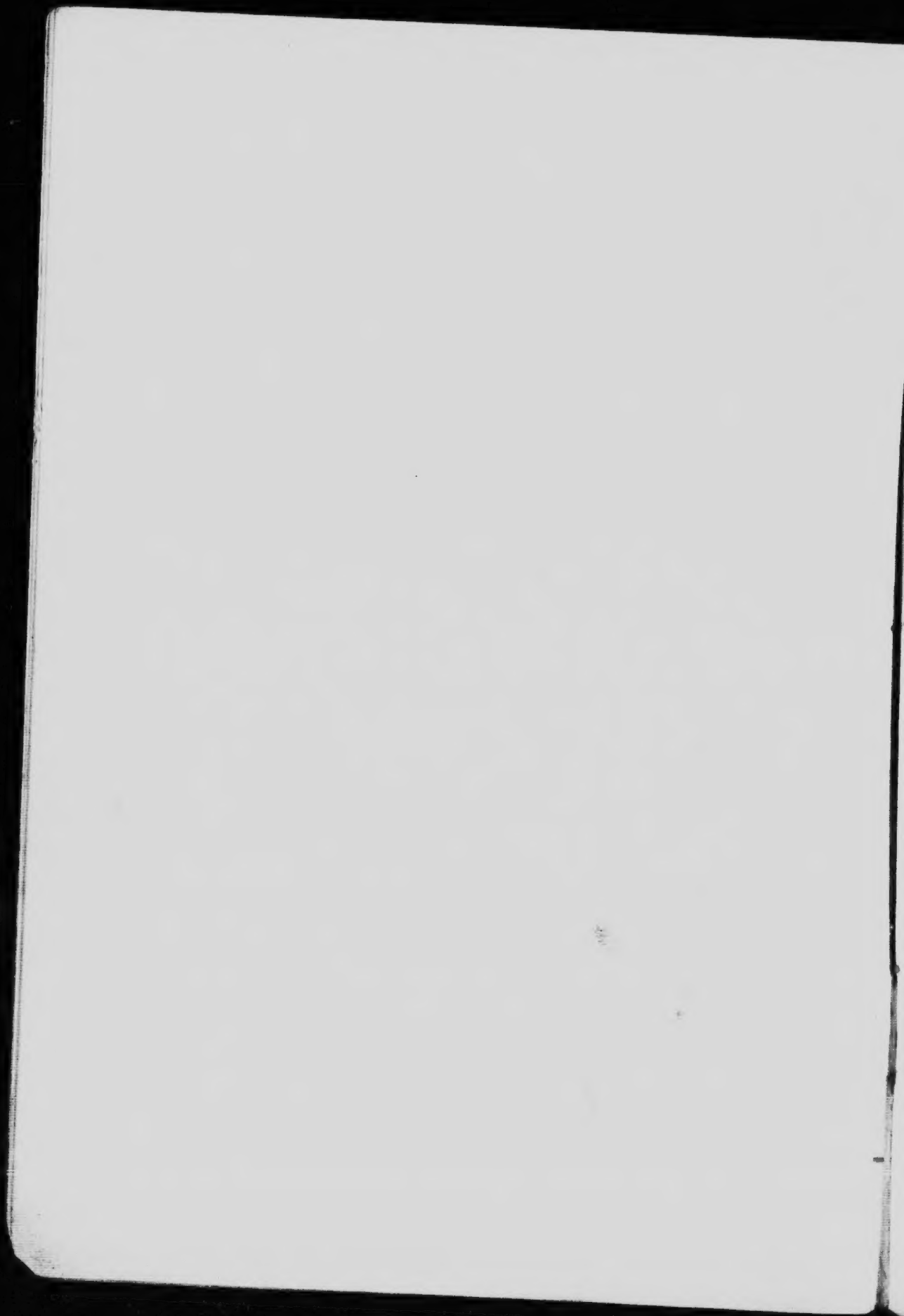
Blessed be the Lord, the God of
Israel,

Who only doeth wondrous things:

And blessed be His glorious name
for ever:

And let the whole earth be filled
with His glory;

Amen and Amen.”



Under the Southern Cross.

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I. CALCUTTA.

THE hot day was drawing to its close in the city of Calcutta. Already the shadows reached far to the eastward. Clerks of business houses were putting up the shutters, glad that the evening hour was near. Soon the long line of warerooms would stand a blank and staring wall beneath awnings and balconies. In the street, the endless procession of human life passed and repassed, a rivulet from the stream of India's thronging millions. Men, women, and children, in oriental costume, and speaking the various dialects of the East, went their way, intent upon the age-long struggle for India's meagre bounty of daily bread.

Beneath the shadow of a great commercial warehouse, a young man stood, a bit of driftwood as it were, thrown by the stream upon the bank where the current had stagnated. He was not more than seventeen years of age. His head was encased in a 'pugree' made by winding several yards of cotton cloth about it. A 'kurta,' rather the worse for wear, covered his body. The 'dote,' or loin cloth, falling below the knees, would indicate the Brahman, the highest caste of India. One might have guessed as much from marking the graceful figure, light brown skin, long narrow face, and refined features of the youth. There was also a certain pride of bearing; and through the lustrous black eyes, veiled by long lashes, one caught at times glimpses of the spirit of a distinguished ancestry.

The listless attitude in which the young man stood showed that he had no objective purpose, and had lost interest in the sights and sounds about him. Even now he was not thinking of these, but of his home far to the northward, of his father and mother, and of his girl-wife, Daulat, seven years his junior and still a child. But had she ever been a child! He recalled the maturity, grace and sobriety of her manner; surely, she had never been young! His parents had taken her when she was nine years old. They had made the usual feast, and enacted the customary ceremonies, and she was his wife. She had dwelt in his home, had obeyed his mother as her own child might have done, had run his errands and done his bidding. More than once there had come to him a feeling of gladness, as he looked at her, and realized a sense of ownership. That was long ago, it seemed, although it was in reality but a few weeks past. He had left his home and girl-wife, while he had gone to seek fortune in the wider world beyond. To-night he knew how dear they were by the heartache he could not repress.

He was alone and friendless in a strange city. Why had he left his home and kindred so far behind? He remembered the weary struggle for bread, the want, the unrewarded toil, the anxiety and the woe. He thought of India, that grey, grey, formless land. Never had he known abundance. If the rains fell in their season, there was food; but it must be carefully husbanded. If the rain did not come, then day by day the sun looked down from a cloudless sky, and the earth was parched and burnt. The struggling vegetation could not endure this burning drought; and slowly, but surely, gaunt famine came, and halting upon the threshold of his father's dwelling, stood and looked them in the face with a stony stare, that made the blood chill and the limbs tremble. Hunger and want were familiar words; he knew too well their terrible meaning.

The Brahman could not work; he must live upon the gifts of the people, compelled by the tenets of their religion to provide for him. He fretted under this disability, that kept him from using his hands to supply his own and others' need. He

could not endure it longer. Daily he looked along the dusty highway, that led to the south determining to go in search of fortune there. Perhaps he could not find a better land; at the worst it could not be more unkindly. If he were successful, he would return; if not, there would be one less at home to share the scanty meal.

Driven forth by stern necessity, he set out upon the way. He passed from one town or village to another, and now found himself in the vast, swarming city of Calcutta. He was willing to conceal his caste and turn laborer and here and there was work to do. There were the factories and warehouses, the shipping and busy commerce. Thousands of his countrymen found employment after a kind. It was theirs to lift and carry, to hew wood and draw water for the 'Sahib log,' who had made themselves masters of the land. The lady or gentleman must be waited on; and a few 'pice' could be made by carrying their parcels, or doing their errands. But for every bit of work there were a score of workers. To secure even a small share it was necessary to thrust aside others, as wretched as himself or even more needy and wretched still. And here on every hand were poor unfortunates more destitute and miserable than any he had ever seen in his distant home.

Such were the thoughts that passed through his mind as he stood alone amid the multitude. Thus far his experiences had been a series of disappointments, and the hopefulness of youth was slowly being crushed into a listless subjection to fate. Why should he struggle against the inevitable?

Meanwhile the sun had dipped quickly to the westward, a moment it lingered on the horizon then sank out of sight; almost immediately came the dark. The young man awoke with a start, and the feeling of hunger asserted itself. He ran his fingers through the corner of the 'dote,' where he was accustomed to tie up the few 'annas' he received. He knew there was nothing there, but he would assure himself. Without money, supper was out of the question; he would seek shelter and go hungry to rest.

He turned into a narrow lane that led downward to the

shipping; and had gone but a little distance, when he was attracted by the odor of food. A woman was cooking the evening meal over a fire in the open air. She looked up and saw his eager glance, and her heart warmed toward the handsome youth. He reminded her of a son, who was far away beyond the great black water. She placed some rice and curry in a dish and offered it to him. He rewarded her with a look of gratitude, that spoke more than words. A few grains of rice fell from the bowl as he ate, he gathered them carefully, for in India not even a grain of rice can be wasted. He rose from the meal scarcely less hungry than when he began! but he could not beg another mouthful, when he knew at what cost such hospitality could be granted. He passed on to the water-side, and finding a sheltered corner of the wharf, he laid himself down upon the hard planking. There he could pass the night; perhaps to-morrow would have better things in store for him.

Above him the stars shone out in the cloudless sky; the breeze fanned his cheek; the water, lapping the wooden posts and muddy beach, made a drowsy lullaby. But Jugmohun lay there awake. He looked up at the stars that blazed in brightness over him. Men said the gods dwelt in that distant heaven, but it was far away from the earth. India had many gods; it were as easy to find a god as a man. There were the deities he had been taught to adore Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahesh, the Hindu trinity. There was also Ram and Krishnu, concerning whom he had heard many stories. It was told how Ram had helped those who worshipped him. But what had the gods ever done for him? He had made the appointed sacrifices, yet never had they stooped to favor him, or relieve his heavy burdens. Had they any power, or were they utterly careless? What was the meaning of life? Were not the 'pundits' right, who said it was illusion, something to get rid of and have over as quickly as possible? There were times when he felt that life was good, and there was joy in living. But who would care to live, if it be only to carry on the unequal struggle against the inevitable want and woe of India? They were right who taught men to restrain all desire; to withdraw

the mind from the fruitless quest for good that has no existence; and quench the spark of consciousness in the darkness of oblivion.

But was he not a god himself, one of the priestly Brahman caste, the very offspring of Brahma, born from his brain, and entitled to the worship of men? They had, as a matter of fact, worshipped him. Was not this fancied superiority also illusion? If he was weak and powerless to help himself, or those who were dearest to him, what could be done for others? Men might worship him as a god, but must a god go supperless, with the wharf plank for his couch and the sky for his canopy?

But the sky so bright and beautiful, so peaceful, so full of mystery, was beginning to exercise its spell over the troubled spirit. Yonder flamed the glittering constellation of the Southern Cross. In the days of childhood he had looked up to it with eyes of wonder; he had searched it out in the spangled heavens; and tonight it looked down upon him as an old faithful friend. Perhaps, even now his loved ones in the distant home were thinking of him, and the bright eyes of Daulat were gazing intently upon this jewelled ornament of the night. It seemed to speak of peace and hope; and to promise, that some day, he should read life's perplexing riddle. There was always tomorrow; who could tell what the next day would bring? With this thought, hope came to his hard pillow, and laid a kindly hand upon his brow. He fell into a quiet sleep, and above him the stars kept watch and ward through the silent night.



II. INDENTURE.

IT was dawn when Jugmohun awoke. Already the sky was a glowing mass of color; and, while he looked, the sun rushed to behind a grove of tamarisks, and the new day was born. He arose and went down to the water's edge. There, taking some drops in his hands, he threw them in the

air in worship of the sun, supposed to be the dispenser of rain. He then carefully bathed his flesh, for this too is part of Hindu worship. For a little he stood gazing seaward, where the river ran to join the ocean. What lay beyond the mysterious line that ringed the distant horizon? Out of that unknown region the ships came: and some said that far over the sea there were worlds vastly different from his native India. He had been taught that Hindustan, as his people called it, was the only world. One might travel far to reach its distant parts, but beyond it there was nothing, save unhallowed wastes, peopled with outcasts, and abandoned to Satan.

He turned and found his way back to the street, at this early hour crowded with the great city's myriad life. A gentleman called him, and bade him carry a portmanteau. They took their way along the thoroughfare till they halted in front of a low building, where a number of East Indian men and women were gathered. They entered a large room furnished with counters and tables, upon which books and papers were piled. Upon the walls a few prints of ships were suspended amidst maps or charts and calendars. Several clerks were in their places, busily writing in large volumes.

Giving him a small silver coin, the 'Sahib' dismissed him; but, with the curiosity of his race, he lingered. Turning to a man, who stood near, he asked him why he was there? The man answered that he was in want of work, which he was told the 'Sahib' would give him. In a confidential tone he added, that he had come to the city with others to worship 'Kali.' He had spent his money, and was not able to return home.

The conversation was cut short by the 'Sahib,' who ordered the applicants to come to him one by one. A woman came first. "What is your name?" "Your father's and mother's name?" "Where do you live?" These questions were answered, and a clerk made notes in a book that lay open upon the counter. "Are you married?" "Yes," was the reply. "Where is your man?" "He drove me out of his house, and took another woman; I must work for myself." "Are you willing

to go in a ship three months to a distant country, where you can easily earn fifteen 'rupees' a month?" It was only twenty shillings, but money goes far in India. "What work must I do?" the woman asked. "Work in the cane-fields," was the reply. The woman had never seen cane, and the answer was meaningless to her. "Is it hard work?" she ventured. "No," was the brief answer. "How long must I work?" "For five years, then you may come back in the ship, if you wish, and if you work ten years, we will bring you back for half the cost of your passage. "I am willing," she said simply. A clerk put a sheet of paper before her. "Touch the pen," he said, and then wrote her name. "See that she passes the medical examination," he said to a subordinate, who beckoned the woman to follow, and led the way to another apartment, and the work of enrolment went on.

Jugmohun still lingered. He heard one after another repeat the request for work. All were eager to pass; and those who profited by hearing the answers of such as preceded them, made short work of difficulties, and gave the replies they felt would meet the 'Sahib's' approval, quite indifferent to the truthfulness of their statements. The prospect of work and wages was an alluring bait, and they did not mean to let it go, if a little falsehood would make it sure.

From the conversation of those about him Jugmohun learned that the ship 'Artis,' lying in the river, was now ready to sail. She had accommodation for seven hundred and fifty persons, and wanted but a few to make up the number. Here was an opportunity for him. It meant a double violation of the rules of caste, first in stooping to labor, and second in leaving India. But if he became wealthy he could easily regain his social standing by giving a feast upon his return. He must not call himself a Brahmin or he would not be accepted for indenture. His mind was made up. He stepped into the line, signed the paper, and passed out with the others, an indentured emigrant for British Guiana.

To satisfy the medical examiner was an easy matter. The Doctor glanced at him, noted his sturdy build and healthy

complexion and nodded pleasantly. When the enrolment was completed, food was provided; and, after eating, they followed a clerk to a warehouse where all sorts of native goods were exposed for sale. Here a number of necessary articles were purchased and they moved onward to the river. There, close by the wharf, lay the 'Artis.' Sailors were busy cleaning, scraping, painting; and under the low awning forward was squatted a small colony of native men, women and children. A few words to the officer at the gangway, and Jugmohun and his companion, joined them. Soon the number grew by smaller or larger additions. A band of fifty, that came by train from an inland town, was the last to arrive. Then word went round that the number was complete, the stores on board, and everything ready to set sail.

In the early afternoon the Captain came down the wharf, accompanied by the ship's agent, and disappeared in his cabin. In a half hour he emerged, and shook hands with his friends at the gangway. Then lighting a 'cheroot' he climbed to the bridge, alert and active. A few words of command, and the sailors took their places. "Let go forward," "Aye, aye, sir!" and the vessel swung out from her mooring into the stream. For a little she pivoted upon her cable. "Let go aft." "Aye, aye, sir!" The canvass flopped; and then, as the helm went down, steadied. The breeze caught the sails, and the ship moved forward. "All clear?" "Aye, aye, sir! All clear," was the answer, and the long voyage was begun.

As the ship started upon the hundred miles that lie between Calcutta and the mouth of the Hugli river, she seemed to be cleaving her way through a lake of silver. Behind, the waves carried the vessel's wake far astern, and the eye followed back to the receding shores of Hindustan. There lay the great city spread out along the river bank. Yonder were the factories, and the forest of masts marked the shipping. Low clouds hung upon the horizon, but above, the sky was blue and clear. On either hand, stretching far away, was the outline of India sinking into indistinctness.

Jugmohun's shipmates were little affected by the beauty of

the evening, or the pathos of farewell to the land of their birth. Many, indeed most of them would never see these shores again. What should they care? India had been an indifferent parent to them. Now they had food and shelter, and the prospect of remunerative employment; what more could they desire? Hope was buoyant, and imagination pictured the future in bright colors. Never see the old familiar scenes again! They would return in wealth and affluence, the cynosure of envious eyes, and the pride of adoring relatives. So they dreamed, but meanwhile night fell, and the banks of the Hugli were lost in the darkness.

Jugmohun sat apart. He had been gazing, not upon the fading city, but inland where his heart was; and his thoughts were busy trying to locate that plot of earth he had once called home. When the light failed he neither moved nor spoke. The stir of embarkation, the bustle of the day, had kept his mind busy; but now the hour of meditation had come. Five years—he had not meant to be absent so long. Had he remained in India he might have returned in much less time to his father, mother and Daulat. But could he go back to them as empty-handed as he had left them? He had acted hastily, but it was for the best. What if this venture should prove as disappointing as others? Then he must endure this weary waiting in vain. Perhaps the new world would prove more kindly. Had he not the promise of fifteen 'rupees' a month? He would soon be rich, then he would return to share his gain with those he loved.

And Daulat, he would be true to her. His heart warmed as memory brought back the music of her voice. She should have rings of silver and gold, and clothes of finest texture. His purpose in life was growing clear. His eyes sought the starry heavens, and unconsciously searched out the constellation of the Southern Cross. There it shed its splendor on the night as of old. As the young man gazed upward, was it heaven that opened, and the Eternal Father who spoke his blessing upon the earnest purpose of this adventuring youth? The way might be hard, but it would eventually lead home.

Who was it whispered, that though he might wander far, he could not stray beyond the heavenly Father's care? Jugmohun knew Him not, but upon his spirit there fell the benediction of Peace.

III. THE VOYAGE.

THE next morning the *Artis* was well out to sea. All land had disappeared; and around nothing was visible, save the great 'black water' below and sky above. The trade wind blew fresh and strong and the ship went swiftly on her way, now dipping her bow in the turbulent waves. Except the sea-gulls that screamed about them, no living thing was to be seen. Jugmohun was not insensible to the beauty of the morning as day broke golden upon the waters. There was a glory and mystery of the mighty deep, that appealed to him. How small the ship now appeared! Yesterday, at the wharf, she had seemed so great; here she was the toy of wind and wave. He felt his interest in life revive, it was good to live. There was something in himself akin to the freedom and force of nature and his heart was beating high in sympathetic harmony.

He was recalled from reverie by an officer, who came up and told off a number of men to 'clean ship.' The decks had to be washed and sanded, and everything put in the best of order. Jugmohun hurriedly ate some 'roti,' and the rest of the morning was spent in the new experience of work. This duty he found was to be repeated daily, and was divided among the men so that each would take his turn in regular succession. Some were glad of the diversion it afforded, and others would lazily have shirked the task if they dared, but strict discipline was exercised. If any man refused to do the work assigned, he was locked up, or punished even more severely.

Life on the ship quickly settled into routine. Two meals were served each day in addition to the early morning 'tiffin.'

A number of women were selected and sent to the kitchen, where flour was given them, which they cooked into a sort of pancake called 'roti.' Broth was made from mutton, so called to allay the prejudice against eating beef. The Hindu calls the cow his mother, and regards the animal with veneration. Rice grain, and various vegetables were provided; and once in a while, a ration of 'bael' fruit was given.

When their task was finished the women were rewarded with extra allowances. The captain and doctor examined and tasted the food. If they were satisfied it was served out; if it was not good, it was thrown into the sea and a new supply prepared. Two hours were permitted in which to eat. After that time, the officer in charge made a round of inspection and all food unconsumed was gathered and thrown overboard. Many regarded this as extravagant waste, not realizing the need of carefulness to prevent sickness resulting from eating stale food. But, as they knew that abundance would be forthcoming at the next meal, they made no objection.

It was impossible that so many persons should leave the land of their birth and sever ties of blood and friendship, without paying the penalty of homesickness. In some cases the feelings of loneliness and wretchedness were aggravated by sea sickness. But when the latter had subsided, there was no lessening of that terrible 'bimari.' The ship's officers were very kind to these miserable ones, and did what they could to cheer them. The Captain, as well as the Doctor, went among them daily. He carried a pocketful of peppermints, which was accepted as a solace. When other remedies failed the Doctor prescribed 'lime juice.' The dispenser, in filling the prescription, added a liberal quantity of brandy. The patient recovered with remarkable rapidity, and the medicine came to be held in high repute as a balm for the lonely and disconsolate. The immigrants were encouraged to indulge in amusements. As many as forty native drums were produced, and 'khanjharis,' 'sitars' and other musical instruments, and the tedious hours were beguiled with mirth and melody.

Sometimes the exercise of discipline afforded entertainment.

A woman was detected in a serious offence and was summarily dealt with. Pots were taken from the kitchen, the woman's hands tied and her face smeared with soot and decorated with white spots of lime. A man with a drum was placed before her and she was made to parade the whole ship in this fashion. Attention was thus called to the offender, who felt much humiliated and disgraced.

Occasionally an incident of a happier character served to enliven the monotonous days. A bright-eyed Hindu girl had won the attention of a young unmarried man of the company. After playing with his heart to her satisfaction, in the manner of her sisters of all races, she had yielded to his entreaties, and consented to wed. The marriage was performed with the approved Hindu rites. The Captain gave orders that a suitable feast should be prepared; and he, with some of his officers graced the occasion by their presence. Music and feasting were indulged in to the full. Then the interest in the young people waned. It is needless to say, that, for these two, the remainder of the voyage was neither long nor tiresome. †

Meanwhile the *Artis* was speeding on her way. She had reached and passed the doldrums, that region of calms and baffling winds about the equator. Onward to the Cape of Good Hope, which was safely rounded, and at length the good ship glided into the harbor of St. Helena, folded her great white wings and came to anchor. Eager eyes scanned the lonely rock of St. Helena; and looked longingly at the little town nestled by the water's edge. Many men and women, cramped by the narrow limits of the ship, would gladly have set foot on land, and wandered at will on those rugged hills. But there was no delay, and after taking supplies, once more sails were set, and soon this sentinel of the South Atlantic sank out of sight, and they were alone again amid the heaving, dashing billows.

A long sea voyage has a peculiar effect upon those who make it together. Isolation from the rest of the world breaks down formality, and produces unity and good fellowship. The

life of all has so much in common. Trivial matters assume an unusual degree of importance. The sight of a passing sail, or the appearance of a school of fish, is an event that none would miss, and a fruitful theme of conversation. A bond is thus formed, that often continues firm in later life. The Hindu immigrant has always a warm welcome for his 'jahaji,' or shipmate, which rests upon that unity of interest and experiences, which is so effective in cementing friendships in all ranks of life.

Among those with whom Jugmohun had become most intimate, was a young man who with his wife and two children were going like himself to seek their fortune in British Guiana. The children were two splendid boys, stirring, active, full of fun and merriment, and were the life of the company. They had taken a strong fancy to Jugmohun and he, in the emptiness of his heart, repaid their affection in the fullest measure. Parbhu, the elder, was tall and slender, with rather a delicate constitution. He was a winsome lad, and a great favorite with all. The younger, Jaudoo, was strongly and sturdily built.

Many were the hours that these three spent together in innocent sport and frolic. Except when duty demanded attention they were inseparable. But the happiness of friendships may too soon be broken and ended on earth forever. One morning as Jugmohun was returning from work, he missed the usual greeting of his youthful friends. He found Jaudoo, who told him that his brother was unwell. The Doctor was alarmed about him, and had him removed to the ship's hospital. He went at once to enquire about him, only to return feeling less assured. Two days of suspense, two days of conflict between Parbhu's enfeebled constitution and the dread dysentery, then the end came. It was ten of the morning when Parbhu died; at eleven the ship's officers and many of the immigrants gathered about the rail, on which a board rested with a slender figure, sewed up in a coarse winding sheet, weighted with scraps of iron. At a given signal the end of the board was raised; and its burden slipped quickly over the rail; a splash,

a few bubbles and the sea closed above and rolled unbroken as before.

It seemed to Jugmohun, as he sought his friends in their sad bereavement, as if the light had failed at mid-day. He would gladly have comforted the sorrowing parents, but he could find no words. The traditional teaching, with which he was familiar, seemed now a pitiful mocking. He pressed their hands, while the unbidden tears ran freely down his cheeks. As they sat in silence his mind was full of painful questioning. Were the gods offended with his little playmate, that he had died so young? Would he ever see him again? Might he not be pained to recognize him, reborn in the body of some unclean animal or reptile? Jaudoo had sobbed himself to sleep, and lay motionless beside him. The sun went slowly down, and night closed over the bending waters. The stars came out in heaven to remind men of that love, which gives the night its peculiar beauty. But Jugmohun did not understand the parable of nature. He looked out into the darkness, it was one with the darkness within. All was mystery, all illusion. There was no one to counsel or console him. There was no one to draw aside the veil, and show what lies beyond the portals of death. No one to tell of the bright home on high, where all is peace. Only a broken and wounded spirit, a young life plunged in darkness; yet above the stars shone out to show that God was keeping watch in the night over all his creatures.



IV. THE VOYAGE AND ARRIVAL.

IN time the keen edge of Jugmohun's grief wore away. He was young, and life flowed full in his veins. Nature healed the wounds that grief inflicted. His mind was also diverted by the fact that the ocean journey was now near an end, and a lively feeling of expectation was abroad among his shipmates. In a few days a change in the color of the "black wa-

ter" was apparent. It became grey, muddy and turbulent. They were now within that portion of the Atlantic which has long been called the "Spanish Main." At any hour they might catch a glimpse of the Guiana coast. So the sailors said, and the news spread quickly over the ship. They did not know, however, that the shores of South America are here so low that one must come very close before their outline is discovered.

Impatiently Jugmohun waited. He stood by the rail and watched the "flying fish," that leaping from the crest of a wave, sustained their flight for some distance, then plunged again into the water. At times the sea was alive with sporting "black-fish." These sprang, now singly, now in threes and fours from the water, curvetted in the air, and then disappeared; or again they followed one another in close succession, like boys playing at leap frog. Strange birds began to make their appearance. Masses of sargasso went drifting by. Occasionally a sail showed upon the distant horizon, or a passing steamer drew a trail of smoke along the sky.

Like a bird with untiring pinions the Artis flew onward over the dancing waves. Mile after mile was added to the log, and the score was almost finished. It was late at night, when it was reported that harbor lights were visible. Anxious eyes looked out over the murky waters, where the stars hung low down in the distance over the vessel's prow. One of these appeared to gain rapidly in magnitude. Surely it was the light of a ship at anchor, for they were bearing down upon it. Then they heard the voice of the Captain shouting an order. The Artis luffed, the sails came rattling down, the forward motion ceased. They heard the cable as it ran out through the iron scuppers, for a little the ship strained upon it, then all was still. They had dropped anchor by the Demerara lightship.

There was little sleep that night. So long had slumber been induced by the rolling of the ship and the dashing of the waves, that the strange stillness was oppressive. Added to this was the wonder what the morrow would bring. They would

look upon a new world, which for the next five years at least must be their home. Would it be fruitful and attractive or barren and dreary? Every heart was filled with unspoken longing that the land might prove fair and lovely, and that propitious fortune might smile upon their sojourn in it. The leaden hours dragged slowly on. There was little conversation, for the occasion was too full of momentous interest to permit of speech. But the night will pass though it be ever so long, and the new way of the morrow will disclose itself, be it glad or painful.

The purpling east and dawning light ushered in the day, as the curtain was drawn upward, and revealed the stage upon which these eager watchers, in the succeeding years, must play their various parts in the drama of human life. As the darkness disappeared, they saw the low shore stretching south-eastward. It looked as if it were but a line of trees growing out of the water, a dense bank of foliage thinned out in places so as to make panels in a green wall of various elevation. Here and there a majestic palm rose high above and spread its tufted top to the winds of heaven. At regular intervals tall pillars arose, the chimneys of the sugar factories that line the coast.

When the muddy tide had risen high enough to enable the Artis to go over the bar that stretches across the Demerara river, the city of Georgetown came into view. It lay upon the east bank of the river, the roofs of buildings showing amid dense clusters of tropical vegetation. Above these, the market tower, with its giant clock; the signal station, gay with bunting; and tall church spires stood out as landmarks. Along the water front were large warehouses, and at the piers great ocean liners of all nations were busy unloading their freight, or taking in cargoes of sugar. Many other crafts were about the wharves, and black boatmen busily plied their calling, or idled lazily on their oars. In the stream ships lay at anchor. A white, trim looking boat was the "Royal Mail." Another long grey steamship flew a pennon midway between her masts, bearing the words, "Canadian Mail." A ferry boat

slowly puffed its way to the other bank of the river, a mile distant. Such was the door of the new world.

As the *Artis* worked her way among the shipping, the harbor master and port doctor came on board. They made a rapid examination of the ship's papers, and being assured that all were in good health, she was permitted to dock without delay. Gently she slipped down to her berth, and soon all was made fast.

Scarcely had she moored, when the Immigration Agent appeared, and under his direction the work of disembarking went swiftly forward. Jugmohun felt sad as he gathered his few belongings, and left the ship. For three months it had been his home, and now it was the last link between him and far distant Hindustan. He took a long look at hull, and masts, and rigging: then went his way out into the streets of Georgetown.

As he passed from one street to another he gave little heed to the thronging donkey carts and jostling porters. Cabs rattled over the hard pavements, and cars went speeding past. Fine stores opened up their attractive wares, and miserable hovels invited the eye of the curious. But he saw none of these things. His attention was wholly taken up with the busy world of human life around him. Here were many of his own people. Men of all castes, women and children looking and speaking as if they had stepped right out of India. Others he recognized by their features and language as countrymen, but they were clad in the garb of the European.

There were also the 'Sahib log,' self-contained, active, assertive, the same he had seen in his own land. These he instinctively felt, would be his masters in the new world, as they had been in the old.

But there was another class that he saw in great numbers, black men with thick lips, flat noses and curly hair. They were poorly dressed in ragged European clothes, and spoke the "Angrezi" speech. Many of them were engaged as laborers and porters, and as many others indolently loafing. These men, the "Affir log," as he heard them called, Jugmohun felt would

be his rivals in the struggle for employment. Rivals, but not formidable ones, for the black man was evidently careless and good natured, although strong and fit for hard labor.

They came after a time to a large low building, where they were to find temporary accommodation. Here they deposited their bundles and stood or sat in groups, talking, and for the most part accepting what came to them with the docility of the Easterner.

Meantime the clerks in the Immigration Department were busy examining the indenture papers, making records, looking through the planters' lists of applications for laborers, arranging allotments, and preparing contracts for the various estates.

Now, almost for the first time, Jugmohun began to realize what indenture meant. He was a bound man in the hands of others, and powerless to shape his destiny, if he would. He was under the direction of men over whom he had no control. Would they deal justly with him? Or would they treat him harshly and defraud him? He felt assured as he remembered that the British flag, honored by all his countrymen as the pledge of justice and right, waved in dominion here. But he was in a land regarded by the gods as unholy. Would they punish him for sacrilege, or abandon him to the will of malignant spirits. The thought that he had broken caste, also made him uncomfortable. His mind passed from one phase to another of the position in which he had placed himself. He had sold his birthright of liberty for bread, and he must abide the consequences. He could but hope that the gods would be pitiful, and that men would deal righteously with him.

The hour grew late, and night came again, offering the rest of unconsciousness to troubled brain and wearied limbs. Jugmohun threw himself down upon the floor, with his bundles beneath his head, and slept; but not the quiet sleep of healthful youth. The excitements of the day mirrored themselves again in his dreams. The strange sensation of being once more on land, while the building seemed to swing with the mo-

tion of the ship, made him start up awake from his dreaming to look furtively about him. When he laid his head again upon his hot pillow, it was only to pass into a feverish sleep, upon which there rested a weight of anxiety and haunting uncertainty.

V. THE PLANTATION.

A FEW days were spent at the immigration sheds, then the party began to break up. Contracts had been signed, and overseers came from the plantations and took away by boat or rail the "new coolies" assigned to them. Farewells were said and men and women went their way to meet their destiny in the new world. For a brief space their paths had run side by side, and then diverged into the great unknown.

Jugmohun was assigned to plantation "Lucri Causa" on the west coast of Demerara. Early one fine morning, the group, in which he was included, set out for their destination. They did not know that a kindly Providence had ordered their lots on a superior estate, in one of the best parts of the Colony. They traversed the streets of Georgetown, crossed the Demerara river to Vreed en Hoop on the west bank, and proceeded westward. Their road was the broad level highway, the well made single thoroughfare that runs through the Colony from one side to the other. It lay close to the seashore, and the sound of the waves dashing against the sea-dam could be distinctly heard. But the water could not be seen, except at the kokers, or drainage outlets, because of the dense courida and mangrove bush, that lined the sea defences. On either side were broad ditches, in which many varieties of water lilies grew in profusion. Substantial iron, concrete, or wooden bridges spanned the trenches and water-courses.

Jugmohun looked with great earnestness upon the face of nature. This was the world, or at least a part of it, which he had been taught was given over to the devil. There was,

however, no evidence of its unhallowed character. The country lay before them, an extended plain of great beauty, below the level of the ocean at flood tide. The first few miles carried them past green fields of growing rice, that waved and rustled with the passing breeze. They saw acres of land where bananas, plantains, and other edibles were cultivated. Groves of cocoanut palms bent under their wealth of fruitage. Huge cacti grew by the roadside, and vines and trailing plants depended from luxuriant, lofty tropical trees. Locust, walnut, cotton trees, and palms, cast a grateful shade. Pears, mangoes, sapodillas, cherries, oranges, limes, lemons, guavas, pappaws, and innumerable other fruits, gladdened the eyes, and gave the most careless observer the impression that this was a land favored by nature with wonderful fertility and productiveness.

But where was the sugar cane of which they had heard so much? Their curiosity was not to be immediately gratified, for the cane is cultivated for the most part further aback. The road traversed one estate after another. The width of these was small, but they ran back a great distance. They were separated from each other by a middle walk between deep canals that extended in parallel lines as far as the eye followed them. These trenches were used for drainage and transportation purposes. Sometimes a higher trench ran down this middle walk, filled with dark colored water, taken from a canal in the Savannah, at the rear of the estates. This water is used by the poorer people for drinking, and can also be used for irrigation in dry weather. In other cases, well graded roads turned off from the highway and ran to the estate buildings, which formed a characteristic compound of tall structures surrounded by a cluster of low ranges. A short distance away and parallel to the turnpike, was the low embankment of the western section of the Demerara Railway. Along the iron rails, miniature locomotives, coaches and cars, rattled noisily.

Jugmohun was fascinated by the panorama of moving humanity, that everywhere met the gaze. The district through

which they passed was densely populated, having a thousand people to each mile of the way. There was evidence of this in the picturesque and motley crowds that thronged the highway. Along the hot, dusty road, stalked the lordly East Indian, sheltered from the sun's fierce rays beneath a large white umbrella; behind him meekly walked his wife, a small, graceful creature modestly veiled. Carts hauled by donkeys with rapid, mincing steps, and driven by black men, seated upon the shafts, were constantly coming and going. Hucksters carried their wares in wooden trays upon their heads, or spread them upon the green sward under the shade of the trees to tempt the passerby. Groups of coolie men and women, with agricultural implements in their hands, and clothes wet and dirty, made their way homeward from the rice fields. Black men idled about, or lay sleeping in the sun; and black women, old and young, well dressed and ragged, attractive or uncouth, tripped or shuffled by. Now and then a barouche, drawn by a pair of speedy mules, with liveried driver on the box, gave a passing glance of the fair skinned European.

Much interest also centred in the villages, which now followed each other in close succession. Side streets leading away from the main highway, disclosed trenches full of dirty water, surmounted by numerous narrow bridges leading to small and wretched houses, that stood near by. Here and there were better buildings, amid better surroundings. Shops of all kinds, the property of Portuguese or Chinese owners, who handle most of the retail trade of the Colony, stood with doors and windows open. Others housed the implements and persons of the artisans and craftsmen, chiefly black or colored. The latter class, in whose veins mingles the blood of slave and master are numerous. They are as a rule good looking, industrious, excellent citizens. Here was the village school, overflowing with children, and buzzing with the noise of lessons learned or recited aloud. There the parish church, large and silent, stood retired and peaceful, overshadowing the city of the dead.

So absorbed were the travellers with the disclosures of

each new turn of the road, that the time came all too soon, when they left the thoroughfare and turned down one of the estate gaps. They had come almost to the Essequibo river. Through the openings in the sea-wall they could see the long low islands situated in the river's mouth, here more than twenty miles in width. They passed on through the pasture lands, where many free laborers live, and came at last to the clustering ranges and other buildings of plantation "Lucri Causa."

The manager and head overseer were waiting for them, the latter of whom addressed them in Hindi, and explained the estate regulations and privileges to them. They would be given houses rent free, and such articles as were necessary for cooking their food. Agricultural implements also would be further furnished. During the first three months, food would be supplied; and part of the cost retained from their wages. In the last three weeks of their time, no charge would be made; but thereafter they must provide for themselves. In the morning they must follow the driver to the fields, where work would be assigned. This would be given out as tasks, at fixed prices, which would not be paid until the work was satisfactorily completed. They must not leave the estate without permission. If any one refused to labor, he would be handed over to the police, and prosecuted in the law courts. Cases of sickness would be treated in the hospital, where medical attendance, nursing and drugs, would be provided free of charge.

When all this had been duly explained, they were dismissed to the set of ranges allocated to them. When Jugmohun reached the room that fell to him, he found it plain and humble. The houses were built of wood with galvanized iron roofs. At intervals of about twelve feet there was a door, with a number on it. Each of these represented a room ten or twelve feet square. These rooms were unfurnished, the floor of earth, a window without glass opened in the rear, and closed with a heavy wooden shutter. A low gallery ran along the front. There was no need to pick or choose among these

dwellings, all were alike, and each must constitute a family residence, being parlor, bedroom and kitchen in one.

Having arranged his meagre possessions Jugmohun was impelled by curiosity to look about him in his new home. He went out, and, passing up and down among the ranges, saw hundreds of his countrymen. Some had just returned from the fields, and were busy with the evening meal. Others were pounding or winnowing rice. Children, naked, or nearly so, played before the door. There a group of boys were having a game of cricket, with empty paraffin tins for wickets, and green limes for balls. Men looked up, greeted him kindly, and invited him to sit and eat; but he declined their hospitable offers.

He strolled on past the sugar mill, where through open spaces, he caught glimpses of ponderous machinery. Great boilers, giant rollers, tanks, and vats, were visible. Not far away was the hospital, spacious, clean, cool-looking. A little further a group of well dressed men came down the steps of a large and commodious house, and turned into a side path, lined with oleanders. These were overseers, who live apart, but dine at the manager's table, whither they were now bent.

He moved on until he found himself in front of the manager's residence. A nicely sanded road bordered by trim hedges, led into beautiful grounds; spreading trees threw long shadows upon velvet lawns. Flowering plants, in beds and tubs, were set in neat array. Roses of every variety blushed and bloomed amid lilies and crotons. On one side was a tennis-lawn, with white lines marking the green in the usual rectangles. The house itself was a fine old building. A spacious gallery ran around it. Doors and windows standing wide open revealed the comfortable furnishings within. The sound of mirth and cheerful conversation floated out upon the evening air!

Jugmohun lingered long and gazed upon this attractive picture of home life. The manager, he thought, must be a great man to live with the magnificence of a "Rajah." The Brahman regard the "Sahib log" as low caste, whose shadow falling upon his food defiled it. Was this boast of superior

birth, a foolish conceit, born of pride and ignorance? Was not the "Sahib log" after all his superior? He was masterful and intelligent, and had money, gained in the busy marts of commerce. Was he not favored above others, though he worshipped none of the Hindu "dewtas"? This man lived in a beautiful house, wore fine clothes, was respected and obeyed; while he who claimed descent from Brahma, found himself an exile, in search of food, glad for the shelter of the poor hut the "Sahib" gave him. It was, indeed the planter's enterprise and energy that was the mainstay of the wealth and industry of British Guiana. He it was who shut out the sea and made the land habitable; with his success or failure was bound up the weal or woe of the Colony's population. Take these away, and quickly want and wretchedness would prevail in this fair land.

Why are some men masters and others servants? Why are the few rich and the many poor? Jugmohun could find no answer, save that so many had given before, that life at its best is illusion. The touch of western influences had already roused his mind. For some men life is real and earnest, and its rewards apparent. The shadows of evening were growing dense as he retraced his steps. He entered his room and made a light. It looked poor and plain yet the multitude of persons he had met that day had no better abode. But were they not more content in such surroundings, than they would be in yonder mansion? After all, these things are but outward, and man's true life has deeper springs. Eagerly anticipating the morrow with its new experiences, he turned in and soon was fast asleep.

VI. THE CANE FIELDS.

ON the early morning Jugmohun awoke, and rising, he opened his window and looked out. The eastern sky was taking on the first blush of dawn, and the air was vocal with the music of birds. They welcomed the new day with glad

melodies, for their confidence in the Creator's care was all unknown. Only man is burdened with anxiety as to what the day may bring.

He heard the iron bell at the buildings clang out hour. He prepared the morning "tillin," and set aside some food to carry to the field. Then a driver came and called him to join a gang of laborers who like himself were that day to have their initiation into the mysteries of cane culture. In one of the trenches an iron punt was awaiting them, into which they scrambled, and a mule attached to the same hauled them slowly aback. They were soon in sight of the growing cane. Broad fields of different seasons' planting reached interminable distances. The long blade-like leaves, dew-washed, waving to and fro, made a peculiar swishing sound, that once heard, is not forgotten, the rustle of the garments of nature.

Attention was first directed to a large field of three hundred and twenty acres, from which the ripe canes were being removed. Everywhere the field was cut and intersected by deep trenches, giving it the appearance of an immense collection of gardened beds. In some places the canes were very tall and a long arrow or flower shot out from the top. This vast area was now dotted with men and women busily at work. They took hold of the cane stalk, and with a sweeping blow of the cutlass severed it near the root. A few deft strokes, and the leaves were stripped away, the top cut off and thrown to one side for replanting, and the long jointed stem deposited upon the parapet of the trench. From thence they were loaded in punts and hauled to the mill. There the sweet juice would be crushed out between heavy rollers, boiled down, and purified, until only the yellow Demerara crystal of commerce remained.

When this field was passed they came to another with canes of shorter growth. These were later crops, some of which would be reaped at the close of the present season, and others not until the following year. Here the toilers were also actively employed, weeding or trimming away withered leaves;

moulding the earth about the roots; or digging shallow drains, called "bed drills."

Jugmohun and others of the "new coolies" were put to work in a field from which the crop had been removed. They were given cutlasses, forks and shovels, and shown how to use them. To the women was assigned the lighter task of weeding, and gathering the trash in bundles. The men were sent to dig drains, or plow ground preparatory to planting. The soil had to be turned over with forks to a depth of twelve inches. As the hours of the morning wore away, the sun rose higher, and sent down its pitiless rays of scorching heat. Then a cloud drifted in from the ocean and deluged them with a drenching torrent of rain. When it passed, the sun shone out with more unbearable heat than before. Here there was no shelter; wet or dry the Estate's work must be pushed forward. Sugar is a staple of the civilized world, and its production must not be retarded. But not everyone who sweetens his breakfast coffee with this familiar article, knows the cost of human effort that has been paid for his indulgence. Not every housewife who rejoices when an additional pound of sugar can be purchased for a dollar thinks of the diminished remuneration for the exhaustive labor of the cane fields.

It was a sorry band of men and women that found their way home at sunset. Muscles, long unused to vigorous exercise, ached and smarted. There was little conversation, and there was no reply to the good humored chaffing of those who were inured to field work. There was little to cheer them, tomorrow the iron bell would relentlessly call them again at an early hour, and the task must be resumed, while the spice of novelty had departed. There was little inspiration in the squalid ranges. Two women had quarrelled, and were shouting invectives at each other from long distances. A pedlar moved along the galleries displaying his pack of cheap and gaudy wares, and a Portuguese gambler invited the unwary to try their chances with the wheel of fortune. Surely life was a game of chance, and its rewards not worth the effort. But the days grew to weeks, and these lengthened to months, until

the very routine of duty made it not only possible but pleasant.

Sometimes, however, there were tasks of a still more trying character. Trenches overgrown with grass had to be cleaned; and danger lurked unseen in the muddy waters. Possibly an alligator had laid her eggs under the matted cover, and when disturbed rushed furiously at the intruder. On one occasion Jugmohun had an experience that lingered long in his memory. He with two others were working in a trench, when an enraged saurian attacked one of his companions; and in a twinkling she had crushed his leg in her huge jaws, lacerating the flesh and breaking the bone in two places. It was with the utmost difficulty, that they succeeded in prying the terrible jaws apart, releasing the man's leg, and carried him to a place of safety.

Snakes, too, abounded in these trenches, as well as on the land, and might be encountered at any time. Many were harmless; and the East Indian, with his aversion to the taking of life, destroyed only such as were venomous. However, some that were not poisonous would inflict a painful bite. The largest of these was a species of black snake, or water boa. These are huge reptiles from sixteen to twenty-five feet in length. The overseers were fond of capturing them for their skins, with which when dried they used to ornament their quarters.

Going to the field one morning Jugmohun and some laborers found an immense water boa asleep upon the bank. At once a rally was made, a stout forked stick was procured, and the men gathered about the somnolent reptile. When all was ready, Jugmohun took the forked stick, thrust it upon the serpent's neck and forced it down into the soft soil. At the same moment the men plunged their shovels into the earth, and crossed the handles over its body. The reptile awoke, and struggled to free itself; the violent contortions threw the men from its body, but the pronged stick held firm. Gradually the twistings ceased, the snake was strangled to death without injury to the precious skin.

All the new coolies did not take as kindly to the work of

the estate as did Jugmohun. They grumbled at the hard work and small wages. Jugmohun did not understand the intricate mechanism of the business world, but he realized that sugar production involved a very large outlay of money. The estate had thousands of acres under cultivation, yielding from one to three tons of sugar to the acre. Buildings and machinery costing at least a hundred thousand dollars have to be maintained. A large staff of competent overseers and workmen have to be supported. But the product of all this industry sells in the world's markets for less than two dollars for a hundred pounds. The margin left to pay the bound coolie, whose labor is the mainstay of the planters, cannot be a large one. If they earn from four to eight shillings in a week, they count themselves fortunate.



VII. CONVERSION.

JUGMOHUN was young and strong, and took without concern the rain and sunshine. From time to time he had mild attacks of fever, but not of an alarming nature. He was destined, however to know more of this. It was in the hot showery month of August, the most sickly of the year, that he fell a victim. He was at work in the fields, the heat was great and the water bad, and many were taking fever all around him. He had felt ill during the day; and as he found his way home in the evening, he had a premonitory chill, presaging fever. He reached his room and built a fire; then, wrapping a rug about him, spent the night shivering, as if an Arctic frost had entered his bones, or burning with intolerable heat. When morning came he was reported unfit for work. The sick nurse visited him, and had him brought at once to the hospital. The long ward was already crowded with patients. Three rows of cots extended throughout the room and mattresses were placed upon the floor between the beds to provide additional accommodation. In a remote corner a place was found, and a cot prepared for the sufferer. The Doctor

came, and after examination, declared it a bad case of recurrent fever; but noting the evident strength of the young man he expressed confidence that the disorder would yield to the treatment, and wrote out the usual prescription.

Jugmohun was very ill, the fever and ague had utterly prostrated him. The fever burned in his brain. He fancied himself back in his old home. A cool hand was pressed upon his aching forehead. Was it his mother's hand? He opened his eyes, a kindly black nurse was bending over him. A moment more and his mind wandered. He was on the ship at sea. Parbhu and he were romping together, the sky grew dark, an awful wave was bearing down upon them, it struck the ship with terrific violence, when it passed he was alone. He woke trembling. Again he insisted that he must rise and go to work. He was late, the manager would be vexed, he had left his task unfinished. He was with difficulty persuaded to return to his cot.

In time the treatment prevailed, the fever returned less frequently and finally ceased, leaving him weak and languid. He spent his days in reading, either to himself, or as opportunity offered to those around him who cared to listen.

Thus one eventful afternoon found him poring over a book that someone had loaned him. It was the story of a certain indolent fellow, who borrowed money from his brother and refused to repay it. The man had died, when he was punished for his sin by being born a bull in his brother's herd. Here the yoke was put upon him, and he was made to work for his brother until he had rendered an equivalent. Then his identity was discovered by his brother, who thereafter treated him with great kindness. So engrossed was he in this narrative that he had not noticed a small, active looking Hindu man, a stranger, who had entered the hospital ward, and now stood by his bed. The man addressed him. "Why do you read that nonsense?" He looked up and replied curtly, "What is it to you what I read?" The stranger answered kindly, "I will lend you something better," and offered him a copy of the Hindu

New Testament. Jugmohun took the book and in conversation learned that this was a Christian catechist from Trinidad.

They met frequently in the next few days, but as the catechist could not remain he was able to read only a small portion of the fascinating story of Jesus Christ. The catechist, however, promised that upon his return to Trinidad, he would send him a few Christian books. So these men met and parted. Each went his way; but in the brief contact, the good seed was sown, and fell into good soil.

With restored health Jugmohun returned to work. In due time the mail brought him the coveted books, including copies of the gospels and a catechism. He read them with intense interest, and light broke in upon his mind, the dawn of that light that never grows dim, but increases more and more unto the perfect day. He turned again to the "Ramayan," the bible of Brahmanism; how inferior it was to the gospel! The story of Krishnu was coarse and frivolous. But the life of Jesus was full of beauty, it appealed to him irresistibly. Into the secret sanctuary of his soul Jesus entered, purged it of its idols, and took possession of it as His abiding habitation.


Being anxious to learn more about this new faith, he heard with great delight that in a distant parish, one of the Scotch churches employed a native catechist. This man would be able to give him the instruction he desired. He obtained permission to visit him. The latter received him with great kindness, and was impressed with the clearness of this convert's understanding, and the fervor of his devotion. "Why do you believe in Jesus?" he asked him. "He will take away my sin, He makes me strong when I pray to Him, He is my Saviour," was his answer. The catechist showed him the "Lord's Prayer," the "Commandments" and the "Apostles' Creed," and told him to commit these to memory. He advised him, when he had done this, to present himself for Christian baptism. Jugmohun knew that to thus openly profess faith in Christ, would result in loss of caste and favor among the Hindu people. Not for a moment did he hesitate. What things were gain he gladly counted loss for Christ. His people might

despise him, but would he not find a truer fellowship, a higher brotherhood among the people of God ?

He returned to the plantation, but the world had undergone a transformation. Was it not the handiwork of the heavenly Father, and every bush was aglow with the holy presence ? The birds that sang to him, and the flowers that grew by the pathside told of His loving care. What if he was solitary, a stranger in a strange land ? He could never, never be alone. What mattered the care, the privation, the pain of the years now vanished in silence ? The road had been rough and strait; but it led home.

He spoke to his countrymen about this Saviour Jesus. Some listened with interest, and others were aroused to bitter and stubborn contention. "Who was this Jesus ?" "What was His nation ?" "Why must a man leave the religion of his fathers ?" "Was he so much better than they ?" "Why must this Christ put down all the gods, and take the supreme place himself ?" To all their subtle questions this advocate of the truth gave answers that showed the strength and clearness of his faith.

It was a memorable day, that on which he obtained Christian baptism, and publicly received the rite which sealed him henceforth the servant of Christ. He had gone to a Scotch minister, who questioned him kindly as to his knowledge and motives in desiring baptism. "Did he expect to make gain out of this new faith ?" "What reason had he to believe that he should be able to stand against the criticisms of his people, and not bring shame upon the name of Jesus ?" To these enquiries he gave such frank and satisfactory replies, that the minister dismissed his scruples, and very cordially told him to come to the service in the Parish Church on the following Sunday morning, when he would gladly baptize him.



VIII.—CONVERSION.

SUNDAY dawned a peerless day. The sky was blue and cloudless, and the world of nature rejoiced in the return of the day of rest, and sought to join with man in the adoration of the Lord of all. Jugmohun turned his steps to the house of God. The congregation was assembling as he entered the cool and peaceful sanctuary. The benediction of God seemed to fall upon his troubled soul, as the sacred portals were crossed. The minister in his long Geneva gown entered, ascended the pulpit, and raising his hands to heaven, asked God's blessing upon those who bowed in worship before him. A hymn was sung, a portion of Scripture read, and prayer was offered. Then, in the hush that followed the prayer, Jugmohun heard his name called. He arose, passed down the aisle, and knelt to receive the holy ordinance. His face was alight with the rapture that possessed him, as he gave himself in one grand consecration to his Lord, body, soul and spirit, to be wholly His forever. He felt the water upon his brow, and heard the solemn words of the baptismal formula, and the benediction that followed,—“The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” It was all intensely real to the young man, and his evident emotion deeply touched the hearts of others. There were tears upon the minister's cheek as he re-ascended the pulpit, and the prayer he uttered had an unusual fervour. Very earnestly did he entreat God that this new disciple might be kept faithful, amid abounding trials and temptations. And well may we believe that the prayer was heard above; and that the Saviour who died for men of all kindreds and tribes and nations looking upon this young man loved him. Nor in the days to come would the stores of divine grace and mercy be closed to him, until, all trials surmounted, he should be brought safely home at last, another trophy of redeeming love.

IX. RE-INDENTURE.

The 'bound coolie' counts the years by the number of cane cuttings. Now as the sixth autumn came near, Jugmohun realized that his term of indenture was almost at an end. The years had quickly passed, and, as he looked back upon them, there remained chiefly pleasant memories. What had once seemed hard and trying, took a different aspect, as distance gave scope for a truer and more sober judgment. For five years he had been rid of anxiety. Each day brought its task, and every Saturday he drew his wages, the reward of honest toil. He had almost forgotten what it was to be hungry. Even the rude hut, that had been his home, had grown dear to him. He thought with sadness, that soon he might be adrift in the world again.

He had not been improvident. From his earnings he had set aside a certain amount regularly, and these small deposits in the Government Savings Bank had grown until a considerable sum of money stood to his credit. The amount would be sufficient to pay his way back to India. To return to India would be delightful, the very mention of such a possibility sent the blood thrilling through his veins. Other lands may be fair, but the hills and valleys of one's native land have a charm, that is all their own. Five years is a long separation from those we love, and the eyes yearn for the sight of well remembered faces. New friends may be kind and faithful, but they do not take the places of the old. The impression made upon us by our surroundings in childhood must remain with us till we die.

Jugmohun felt himself drawn to his native land by these invisible cords. Then there rose before his mind the haunting night-mare of India's want. He longed to pour into sympathetic ears the story of his experience in the new world. But his slender savings would be consumed in making the voyage, and he must return almost as penniless as he had left. From this his ambition revolted.

Others of his companions were facing the same question. Among these was a man of his own caste, a Brahman, several

years his senior. They had often met in the fields and an intimate friendship had grown up between them. They now consulted together about their future. His friend, Taitai, had already made up his mind. He was unable to return to India for he had not the means to do so, but he would not re-indenture. He was tired of this incessant labor, and was persuaded that he could make an easier living. "If the fool has money why should the wise man go hungry?" he said significantly to his companion. He then announced his intention of setting up as a 'Maharaj' among his people, and advised Jugmohun to do the same. "You are a Brahman," he said; "if you enter a man's house, he must honor you, and give you food. His religion also compels him to offer you money. If any are sick or in trouble they will gladly pay you for advice, or a charm, and you will make plenty money." "But I am a Christian," asserted Jugmohun. "What of that?" was the reply. "I too have the Bible and believe in Jesus Christ." "But, if that is so, why do you keep your faith to yourself, and do not tell the people?" asked Jugmohun. "If I did that, they would not listen to me, and I could no longer deceive them," he frankly admitted.

It was a temptation to the young man. He saw the way open to the attainment of his dearest ambition. Only he must conceal his faith in Christ, and profess belief in the gods he had renounced. This, he instinctively felt, would be unmanly and disloyal. He would work and wait, rather than purchase ease at the price of honor.

So when he was called to the office, and a certificate of completed indenture put in his hand, he at once asked permission to enter into a second contract, which agreement the estate authorities were glad to make.

Jugmohun went back to his room with a sense of relief. He looked about his humble dwelling, glad that the few household treasures he had gathered, might remain undisturbed. He went out, and talked with his neighbors, and found that many of them had come to the same decision as himself, though not for the same reason. Some, however, were leaving the estate,

and going to the city of Georgetown to live by their old trade as porters. Others meant to try rice farming as land could be easily obtained for cultivation, the proprietor accepting a proportion of the crop for rental. A very few, thinking to find better wages or easier work, meant to seek re-indenture on other estates.

As it was the grinding season, Jugmohun was put to work in the buildings. The duties entrusted to him were light and pleasant, and taxed the brain rather than the muscles. He took an intelligent interest in his task, and soon mastered its details. The overseer in charge noted his ability and faithfulness and was well pleased with him. Everything went most happily for a time. Then a combination of circumstances arose, which brought him into painful conflict with his employers, and severely tested his Christian principles.

It so happened that the mills were being pushed to the utmost. The manager was anxious to have the sugar made, owing to a rush order that promised high returns. It was now decided to continue work on Sunday as well.

The overseer, to whose lot it fell to carry out the order, was somewhat surprised, when on telling Jugmohun to be on hand for work on Sunday morning, he met with a courteous but firm refusal. He knew Jugmohun to be a reliable and efficient workman, and wished to retain him. "Am not I a Christian? Yet you see I am willing to work," he said. "True," was the reply, "but God has said, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "But you see the work is necessary, or we will lose a lot of money." "I am sorry, but I cannot break God's law to make money." "But you know, the manager is very anxious about this, it is only for a short time, and he will give extra pay for work on Sunday." "My indenture, however, provides that I shall not work on Sunday against my will. I am not willing." "But you carry this matter too far, others will work if you do not." "I would like to please the manager, but I cannot do this, because I believe it is wrong." The overseer was greatly annoyed. "Very well," he

said, "you are too good to keep company with us. On Monday you will go back to work in the field."

And to the work in the field Jugmohun went with a heavy heart, to be the butt of those, who, jealous of his advancement, now rejoiced in what they thought was his degradation. They twitted him with the treatment he had received from the hands of the Christians. He did not mind their jeers, for he felt a deeper sorrow. This action had given the enemies of Christ cause to assail the religion he loved, and how could he answer them? His Master had been wounded in the house of his friends. He had taken God's law to be absolute and unchanging, while they made it suit their convenience.

When the day's work was done, and he found himself back in his room there came over him an intolerable sense of loneliness. By confessing Christ he had cut himself off from his own people. But he had not felt that separation, for he persuaded himself that he had found a wider brotherhood among Christian people. The reed, on which he leaned, had broken and pierced his hand.

He went out into the night, and wandered far along the way. The quiet of the night began to soothe him. He raised his eyes to heaven, and for the first time noticed the stars shining so brightly. There was the familiar southern cross burning on high. The cross—he thought of the other cross on which his Lord had borne witness to the truth. Christ had suffered for doing God's will. Had He not said that we should bear the Cross with Him? It was no new thing in the world to suffer for righteousness. There came a flood of light and a feeling of joy. He had been privileged to bear the cross with Christ.

X. THE COMING OF DAULAT.

SHORTLY after settlement on plantation "Lucri Causa," Jugmohun had written to his friends in India, telling them where he had gone and what were his prospects. About a year after he received a reply saying that all were

well, and expressing the hope that he might be successful. From that time he had heard nothing of those so dear to him in Hindustan. Very often he thought of his father, mother, and Daulat. But letter writing was a difficult task, and correspondence was not maintained.

Jugmohun had remained faithful to his girl wife during all these years. Others who like himself had left a wife in India, did not scruple to take another in British Guiana. Marriage ties, for the most part, were lightly held. Some sought the sanction of the civil law to their contracts, chiefly because, when thus married, possession of the wife was made more secure. In such cases the records of the immigration department were consulted to see that there was no impediment on either side.

Where legal marriages were impossible, the parties were content to take each other in coolie wed-lock and live together. A husband turned the partner of his joys and sorrows out of doors; and took to himself some young girl, whose charms had attracted him. The discarded wife wore no weeds, but made up with another man. A woman vexed at her husband's indolence or poverty, left him for a man that could do more for her. The deserted husband did not spend his time trying to win back the lost one, but proceeded to hunt up another. Many lived together in unholy and unlawful union. Here the Hindu pleaded necessity. A man must have a woman to take care of his house, and cook for him. A woman must have a man to work for her, and give her a home.

In this tainted atmosphere, Jugmohun had lived uncontaminated. Daulat held the highest place in his affections, and he refused to enter into any tangling alliances. Had the girl wife continued faithful to him? He never doubted her constancy. By the light of love in his own heart, he reasoned that she must be true. In a few years he would go back to her, and find happiness all the greater for years of loneliness. This was something to live for, and, as the seasons rolled around, each passing year brought nearer the longed for home coming.

There was little to indicate the progress of time, but one

event was always marked with great interest. This was the arrival of newly indentured immigrants from India. These were sought out in the hope of meeting familiar faces, or at least hearing something about friends in that far land. It was in the third year of Jugmohun's re-indenture, that a large party of new coolies were brought to the plantation upon which he was employed. The manager was desirous of extending the cultivation, and bound labor best suited his purpose. Consequently he had sent in an application to the Immigration Agent-General for a large number of that year's importation to be sent to him, and the department had complied with his request.

Jugmohun went with others to interview these new arrivals, and was surprised and delighted to find among them a young man, who, with his wife, had come from his native village in India. The strangers were no less glad to meet him, and told him what had happened since his departure. His father and mother, they assured him, were well, and conditions had changed but little with them. They managed with care and industry to eke out a scant livelihood. He longed to ask for Daulat, but his heart throbbed too violently for him to frame a question. At last, with an effort he spoke her name—Daulat ! The young man and his wife exchanged glances, and the woman replied "then you don't know ?" She paused while he waited with suspended breath for the words that followed : "Daulat, why she came with us in the ship, and is now in British Guiana. She was assigned to plantation "Marcidus," and left the immigration department before we did." A flood of emotion ran like fire through his veins; but he restrained himself, only his eyes glowed like torches, as he bade his friends good-night.

The days that followed were filled with rapture. Daulat was in the colony; how was it, that he had not learned it from the birds, that now nodded to him so knowingly, and then trilled her name in melodious notes ? He had heard of plantation 'Marcidus'; it was in a distant part of Berbice, an adjoining county of British Guiana. He sought the manager,

told him the story, and asked permission to go thither to see her. The manager, alive to the romance of the situation, replied that, as soon as the present rush of work was over, he would give him leave of absence for a week, and a railway ticket to convey him there.

When the time came, he set out upon his journey. A short run by rail brought him to Vreech-en-Hoop, where he crossed the ferry to Georgetown. Here he found he could proceed no farther until the next morning. Bright and early he was on board of the East bound train, speeding away across Demerara. A wonderful panorama was constantly framing itself in the car-window. Sugar estates and waste lands, villages, and solitudes, beauties of nature in vegetation such as only the tropics can produce, spread themselves in succession before him. But he saw little or nothing of all this, so fast did his thoughts out-run his lagging body.

It was nearing noon, when the train stopped at Rosignol, the terminus of the Demerara railway, on the west bank of the Berbice river. A large ferry steamer carried him to the town of New Amsterdam, on the opposite shore. Here he landed, and made inquiries for plantation 'Marcidus.' He spoke to a black man, that he met upon the street. The Kaffir shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, he knew it too well, it was up the Berbice river. It was a fever hole. They called it 'the white man's graveyard.' What did he want of plantation 'Marcidus'?" Jugmohun's heart sank as he listened, but taking the direction he started forward. He found the boat, that pined upon the river, and taking passage at length reached the estate. He noted the level meadows, low and wet, and the surrounding bush. Yonder lay the muddy, sluggish water of the river; but no healthful breeze blew from it, such as relieved the heat upon the seashore. He asked for the new laborers, and was told that they were at work aback, and would not return until the evening.

Jugmohun bought a little food and sat down in the shade of some mango trees to eat it, and wait for the returning laborers. As the sun sank low in the west, they began to re-

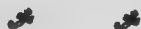
turn in straggling numbers. He carefully scanned each group, in the hope of discovering the one he sought. Group after group went past, but Daulat was not among them.

At length, in the gathering dusk there came a few belated ones, a weary and sorry band of men and women, quite exhausted by their unaccustomed toil. A girl walked with them, whose tired step could not hide an unusually graceful bearing. She looked thin and weak, and her clothes were torn and ragged. She had fallen a little behind the others, as she came to the place where Jugmohun stood under the mango trees. She did not see him, but his quick eyes had recognized her. As she came opposite to him, he softly called her name—Daulat! She started violently; then turned and looked at him a moment; and her face became radiant with joy, as she threw herself into his strong arms.

They sat down beneath the mango trees, and talked far into the night. She told him how she had looked for him to return to Hindustan at the end of five years, as he had said. But he did not come. Still she waited, until an agent of the Government had come to the village recruiting immigrants for British Guiana. It was an opportunity for her to come to him that she could not resist. She had given her name, with that of the young man and woman he had met. When she had landed here, she had hoped to find him; and had looked for him wherever she had gone. But the work on the estate she had found very hard. Her hands were bruised and broken, fever and loneliness had brought her to the condition in which he found her. Now, that they were once more together, she was well content; only, she whispered as she nestled closer to him, they must not part again. He must not go away and leave her; he must stay, or take her with him.

As Jugmohun listened, he was coming to a great decision. He could not remove her from plantation 'Marcidus,' nor could he remain with her, as they were both indentured. He must return at the end of the week to plantation 'Lucri Causa.' There was only one way out of their difficulties, and that was for him to buy out her indenture, and take her with him. It

would cost one hundred and thirty dollars, but he had more than that in the savings bank. He did not for a moment regret parting with the fruit of long years of toil, he thought only that he might redeem Daulat. It would mean the abandonment of his cherished hope of return to India, perhaps forever. Not one word did he say to her of the sacrifice he must make; but gently assured her, that they would part no more. Nor did he feel that his resolution was greatly to his credit. The charm of distant India had become less potent, now that Daulat was by his side. Her coming had taught him the heart's deeper knowledge, that where love is, there is home.



XI. MAKING A HOME.

THE next day Jugmohun sought and obtained an interview with the manager of plantation 'Marcidus.' He frankly explained the circumstances connected with Daulat, and requested that he might be permitted to purchase her indenture. The manager listened kindly, and was persuaded of the truth of Jugmohun's story. He had noticed Daulat, and had felt a sense of pity for the lonely girl. She might return with her husband to plantation 'Lucri Causa,' and the money could be forwarded as soon as possible thereafter.

When these matters had been satisfactorily arranged, they set out together for New Amsterdam. Their hearts were full of happiness. Daulat was as one who had awakened from a terrible dream, and found an unspeakable relief from the horrors of the night. When they reached the town a 'jhulla,' skirt and veil were purchased. When these were substituted for the former rags, the effect was wonderful. The child of eight years ago had grown into a winsome woman, and her husband's heart thrilled with pride as he looked upon her.

Next morning they crossed the ferry and took the train at Rosignol. The journey to Georgetown was a pleasant one. Saturday and Sunday they spent in the city. Jugmohun told Dau-

lat about the Christian religion; and, as the occasion offered, he carried her to see Christian worship. Daulat understood but little, yet the service made a deep impression upon her mind. The music and the devoted atmosphere pervaded her soul with a subtle influence. She was willing to believe in and worship that God whose goodness she had such abundant reason to remember. In that formative hour the seed of faith took root, and ultimately subdued all to itself.

Monday brought them safely to plantation 'Lucri Causa.' With mingled feelings Jugmohun showed her his household treasures, over which she was to preside. And with a delicacy of insight and appreciation that revealed the refinement of her nature, she entered into possession. Her skilful fingers soon made the place a model of neatness and cleanliness. The walls were decorated and everything made so attractive, that Jugmohun wondered how he had lived so long without her.

Thus two happy years slipped away and the term of Jugmohun's reindenture came to an end. It now became necessary to plan for the future. The Government gave those who completed ten years of labor the choice of a free return to India, or a plot of land in one of the Settlements, set apart for that purpose. The Estates also offered land for building and cultivation purposes, free of charge, but subject to the condition that the holders give their labor on the plantation, when required.

Jugmohun felt that a return to India was out of the question. The chances of securing a livelihood were far superior in the new world. It would be better to write to his father and mother, and advise them to dispose of their property, and use their money to pay their way to him in British Guiana. Here he could care for them, and help them, in a way he never could have done in India.

He finally decided that he would visit the Government free grant settlement of Huist' Dieren in Essequibo County; and, if it pleased him, he would apply for an allotment of land and settle there. Consequently he arrived by steamer at Sud-

die, and walked up the river four miles to the Government Settlement.

The road along which he went is one of the most beautiful in the Colony. The smooth, well-kept highway winds among green glades and shady forests. Monkeys play and parrots chatter in the lofty tree tops. By the sandy roadside, under wide-spreading branches, are the neat, well made houses of the East Indian people. These humble dwellings are here in great abundance, and the place teems with life and activity. The impression made upon his mind was very favorable. He returned and made application for the commutation of his right of free return to India, to a grant of land in this prosperous portion of the Colony.

Hither he came a little later, bringing Daulat with him, to take possession of the house and cultivation lots assigned him. He had a small amount of money still to his credit at the bank. A part of this he now drew, with which to begin the work of making a new home. His house lot was by the roadside, in a pleasant situation. Already a number of coconut palms and mango trees grew on it. Under some of these he cleared a space of ground, and began building a house. Four posts were driven firmly into the earth at the four corners, and others set as required; light beams were fastened upon the top of these. One long post at each end carried the ridgepole, and from this the rafters sloped down, making a low, broad eave. Upon the sides a network of wattles was interlaced, and this plastered within and without with a mixture of mud and other materials, which quickly hardened into a substantial wall. Another low wall was erected in front and along the leeward side, forming a sort of gallery. Light rods were nailed upon the rafters, and to these the thatch was fastened. This was of troolie, the branch of a species of palm. Two of these were placed together and tied to the rods by vegetable fibre. This makes, in overlapping layers, a cool and water-tight roof. Partitions of board divided off some rooms within.

In the verandah was set up a device for husking rice. This

consisted of a beam, suspended near the middle. From the longer end descended a stick shod with iron. A cup-shaped hole, made beneath, received the rice. By placing the foot on one end of the beam the other end is raised, and the iron shod instrument allowed to fall upon the grain, thus beating off the hull.

A little distance away a shed, open beneath and covered with troolie, was built. In time a milch cow and calf came to occupy these cool quarters. A garden was laid out and stocked with bananas, plantains, and other provisions. Thus Jugmohun soon found himself in possession of a comfortable dwelling, under beautiful trees, and surrounded with growing fruit and vegetables.



There was abundance of work to be had on the estates in the vicinity; but Jugmohun was tired of the hard labor at small wages that they offered. He believed he could do better at rice farming, and was eager to make the experiment. Rice is a staple food in the Colony, and the supply was much less than the demand. A bag of "dhan" was always as good as money.

He therefore proceeded to utilize his cultivation lot, which was a little aback, where there was plenty water. He cleared away the bush, and dug away the earth to a slight depth, building a low dam about the four sides. Then the water was allowed to flow in, and the soft soil was plowed under water. A small bed was made in one corner, where rice was thrown, and left to sprout. Then the young plants were set out by hand. Standing in the water, Jugmohun took a few stalks of growing rice, and, stooping down, he made a hole in the soil with his fingers with which he thrust down the seedlets, and pressed the mud about their roots. It was not long before his eyes were gladdened by a field of waving green, that in a few months yielded him an immense return upon his labor. Then the ripe grain was cut with the sickle, beaten off the straw, and dried in the sun. A fresh crop was immediately planted. His experiment had in every way proved successful.

In all this work Daulat bore her full part. She wrought

by her husband's side in the rice field and elsewhere. Then children came, and her hands were tied by household duties. There was rice to dry, and hull, and winnow; and other tasks in which she found constant employment. Thrift, industry, and economy soon told in a land where nature is prodigal of her gifts. The balance in the Government savings bank began to grow again, and was a comfortable provision against a rainy day. Often husband and wife sat together in the evenings, when the day's work was done, and talked of Hindustan. They recalled the want and destitution they had known, the constant anxiety for the growing crops and the tardy rains. Then, as they glanced at their sleeping children, they thanked the Giver of all good that they should never know the bitter need that had crushed the joy out of their own childhood.

At the same time they did not forget that worldly gain is not the only, or even chief, end of life. They believed that to lay up treasure solely in this world is to prepare a day of sad awakening to the error of an irrevocable past. Jugmohun and Daulat nourished their Christian life upon the truths of God's word. Yet they often longed to understand more clearly the way of life. They looked with sadness upon the world about them, and mourned to see their fellows plunged in idolatries and superstitions as gross and debasing as any they had seen in India. They did what they could themselves, they co-operated gladly in any attempt to introduce the knowledge of Jesus, but as yet they felt that the efforts made were largely futile and inadequate. The East Indian people might not respond just at once. But he was sure that many of the younger generation would welcome the 'Padre Sahib' and be glad to receive instruction in the truth. For those in darkness, as well as for those in light, there wanted but this to make the land of their adoption truly blessed, the knowledge of the true God, whose bounty they enjoyed.



XII. THE MISSIONARY.

WHILE this drama of human life was being enacted under the Southern Cross, the Church in Canada was generously planning for the East Indian population of British Guiana. They had found a missionary for Essequibo, and sent him out with the divine commission. In due time he had reached that distant land, where he found a splendid field for Mission work, ripe and waiting. Here were thousands of heathen people, who received no religious care or instruction. Some were willing to listen to the gospel, others suspicious, and a few openly antagonistic. Children ran wild or played all day long, because there was no school for them to attend, or no one to see that they did go to the schools already established. Sunday Schools were organized, and very soon on Sunday morning one might see rows of little brown children kneeling devoutly, and repeating the Lord's prayer. Some were shy, and some captious; but the promise of a picture card, that had already done duty in a Canadian Sunday School, would lure them to the school, and loosen their tongues after they found themselves there. Daily, in hospitals, or under the shade of a tree by the roadside, or out among the estate ranges, one might find the missionary, a catechist, or both, speaking in the name of Jesus to those who would listen.

Thus it happened that one Sunday afternoon Jugmohun came upon the 'Padre Sahib' in one of these out-door meetings at Huist' Dieren. A crowd of men had gathered under some spreading trees. Native hymns were sung, and the gospel read and explained. Many listened with deep interest, while they heard in their own language the precious words of 'the old, old story.' Soon a fire of questions was developed, but these were put aside until the gospel had first been declared.

Then the missionary turned to one old man, who had several times interrupted the meeting, and asked him what were his questions? His reply was: "What you say is very true, but I cannot agree with you catechist. I want to ask, how did God create the world?" "Well, what

do you believe?" "I believe," he said, "that God turned himself into a turtle, and brought 'dharti,' and made the earth." "Yes! and the catechist told you that God made all things out of nothing, by the word of his power, and all very good." "Who gives the most honor to God?" "But," added the missionary, "if we are to answer your questions, you must tell us whom you worship?" The old man hesitated, but finally said: "I worship the Brahman, like this man," turning to Jugmohun, "only he goes and joins the Christians, so I can't worship him." "But why do you worship the Brahman, is he not a man and a sinner like yourself?" "No!" he answered, "the Brahman can do no sin." "But tell me," urged the missionary, "is it not wrong for the Brahman to leave India? Did he not have to tell a lie to the Government Agent before he could come in the ship? You know they will not indenture men of the Brahman caste? Is it not sin to tell lies? Now listen and I will tell you what happened on an estate the other day. A poor woman was sick and dying, she had been left alone, and cried out for water. A Brahman woman, living near by, heard her; but would not go into her house, because the woman was low caste. When her child, who had left her for a little, returned, the woman was dead. Am I to worship those, who would not hold a cup of water to my dying lips? Jesus is the true 'Avatar,' for He only is without sin, and is able to give us salvation from sin. Jugmohun is right, when he worships Jesus, and rejects your worship of himself."

The old Hindu was not pleased, but he returned to the attack from another quarter. "We are told," he asserted, "that the Governor pays you one hundred dollars and the catechist ten dollars for every East Indian that you baptize." "Do you mean to say that you believe that story?" asked the missionary. "You know that the Government has the burden of supporting the Church among the black people, who have only become Christians within the past century; and that it has no money for work among the East Indian people. We are supported by the Christian people in Canada, who love Jesus

and love you. The Brahman will do nothing for you without money. We come to help you, and not to make gain out of you."

When the meeting was over, Jugmohun remained behind. He questioned eagerly about the work of the Canadian Mission. The 'Padre Sahib' explained to him how the people of Canada had felt the ties of kinship both in blood and nationality. Many years ago they had established a mission in Trinidad, which had proved very successful. From there the work had spread to the more populous field of British Guiana.

Jugmohun listened intently to the story of the development of the work in the colony, a tale of tragedy and triumph, of death, and sickness, and discouragement, yet of steady progress. His heart responded as he heard of the emotions of those, who on the eventful evening of May 19, 1903, in the church at Better Hope, organized the Mission Council of British Guiana. How the missionaries had stood together and looked down into the faces of a mixed multitude of East Indians, blacks, Chinese and Europeans, while all united in raising the prayer and song of faith and hope:—

"The beam that shines in Zion Hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command."

"But, why had not the Christian churches of British Guiana undertaken this work?" Jugmohun asked. "Because their resources have been taxed to the utmost in the evangelization of the black people. When the system of East Indian Indenture began, they found themselves overwhelmed by a second deluge of heathenism, and were powerless. The black and brown races do not harmonize. So it became necessary for a strong outside church to take up the great work of East Indian Evangelization."

"But how is it that the Canadian people give this money, are they all rich?" "By no means," replied the missionary, "very little of the money comes from those who are rich;

the greater part is given by those who are themselves poor. The ministers at home tell the people about the needs of the Foreign Field. Women's Foreign Missionary Societies work and pray, Mission Bands of boys and girls, Sunday Schools, and Young Peoples' Societies all united to support this work." "But will the work be permanent?" he asked with anxiety?" "Will you go away and leave us after a little time?" "The work will, we trust, be permanent," was the answer. "We are here to stay by the blessing of God; and should any of us be compelled to leave, the Church will never want men or money to carry the work forward."

"But my people are a hard people to convert," said Jugmohun, "will you grow discouraged for that reason? What success have you met in other parts of the Colony?" "The Canadian missionaries, with their catechists and bible women, are constantly at work. Their task is a gigantic one, and as yet the laborers are few. But surely, if slowly, there is dawning the light of a better day; and men and women renouncing idolatry and superstition, are giving their hearts to Jesus, and setting their feet to follow his precepts. These new disciples often walk with feeble and uncertain steps, there are lapses and falls and bitter disappointments; still there is abundant reason for hope and thankfulness," Jugmohun's face expressed his gratitude for these encouraging words. He could not tell what they meant to him. He grasped the "Sahib's" hand in both of his, and bowed his forehead upon it, in beautiful token of homage; then locking up spoke Essequibo's welcome to the Canadian missionary. "Oh, Sahib! we are so glad you have come."

Thus the circle met and closed. This was at last the fulfilment of Jugmohun's cherished dream. He went home, and told Daulat the good tidings, they were to have a "Padre Sahib" of their own. She shared in his rejoicing. They sat together in the quiet Sabbath evening, reviewing the way God had led them. Through dark days and bright, in pleasant paths and paths that they knew not, he had guided them unwillingly onward and upward. They had reached up their

hands in the darkness, and God had taken hold of them and lifted them above the strife of change and the mists of illusion.

Jugmohun took his wife's hand in his, and leading her out under the starry sky, he pointed to the Southern Cross, where it shone in glory above the tree-tops. He told her how he had looked up to it, as he lay upon the wharf in Calcutta years ago; and wondered if in those mysterious truths the Gods lived, who cared for men and were able to help them. He told her also of that night, when he found the injustice of man so hard to bear, and in the failure of Christian brotherhood had felt so utterly alone. Then that lustrous ornament of the night became the reminder of the cross that he gladly shared with his Lord. And then he told her of the sacrifice and generosity of Christian people in Canada, who had reached out a helping hand to the East Indians of British Guiana, and had sent them "Padre Sahibs" of their own. This was Christian brotherhood indeed. His confidence was fully re-established in that sacred fellowship. To his hope in God was added hope in man, and of this larger faith that splendid constellation was the fitting symbol.





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